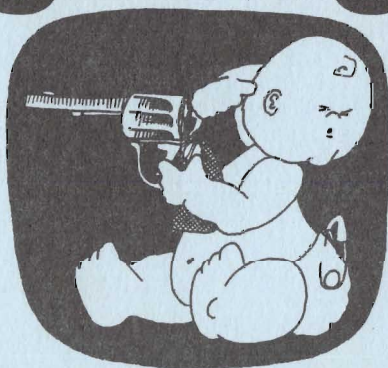


Weakly Drag Con'tion

night light



PROGRAM GUIDE FOR RADIO
STATION KTAO (FM), RADIO
IMPOSSIBLE, TRANSMITTING AT
95.3 MEGACYCLES FROM LOS GATOS,
CALIFORNIA, WITH AS MUCH AS 500 WATTS
HIGH FROM THE LOFTY REACHES OF MOUNT UHMUN-
UM.

KTAO, FILLED WITH HIGH DEBTS AND HIGHER GOALS, BROADCASTS A RICH SELECTION OF MUSIC AND TALK AND AN OCCASIONAL ACTUALITY PROGRAM, IS PRIMARILY TRYING TO FILL A HOLE IN THE RADIO SPECTRUM IN SANTA CLARA VALLEY, WITH A VERITABLE CORNUCOPIA OF FLAMENCO AND FADOS AND OLD WHEEZY BLUES AND RAGAS AND GAGAKU AND JAZZ AND BAROQUE-CHAMBER AND GUITAR AND BLUEGRASS AND [in general] those programs ignored by most commercial broadcasters.

This operation survives by a few sparse commercials, & by selling our program guide for \$7.50 (for nine months, if poor), and \$15.00 (for a year, if not) to those who may want to see around to bother their ears next year---or more importantly, may want to see the comfort of a Weakly Drag in the mailbox, stirring up the spiders and earwigs.

This is program guide
number 13 of a
possible in-
finite se-
ries.

I think you would like Jack Faucet if you met him. Not strange or weird at all: probably 35 or 40, well-tanned---a life-long member of the Sierra Club. He likes hiking, likes healthy outdoorsey activities. People sometimes make fun of him for his name: ask him whether they can 'turn him off,' or whether he's running 'hot or cold.' The usual name-game jokes---but Jack Faucet is anything if not tolerant, and he only smiles a well-tanned smile, and goes on to talk about his business.

He loves his business: and it's an interesting one, too. For Jack is the local representative for ARB---or, to those of you outside the broadcasting racket, American Research Bureau. ARB---along with two other services---is in the business of 'rating' radio stations, and radio programs, and television listening and viewing habits. These rating services, through a variety of means, 'test' the number of people who ---at any one time---in any one area, are tuned in on the local broadcast outlets.

For listeners in this country are dealt with in a strange sort of way. You and I and anyone else who has a radio or tv set: we are bought and sold like so many cattle. Television stations and radio station battle each other to deliver the highest 'per thousand' (meaning quantities of viewers) to the advertisers. They want to be able to say to General Foods, or General Motors, or General Life: "If you buy time on our station, you will be getting 5000 more listeners per quarter-hour than if you buy an equivalent amount on station K-DUD." Or: "We are able to deliver to you the lowest cost-per-thousand."

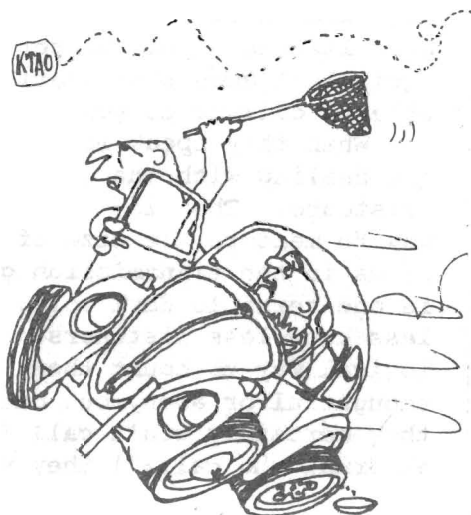
When they speak like this, radio time salesmen are dealing with the one nerve-wracking fact of their existence. That is---there is no simple, nor logical, way to measure the size of their audience. For those of us in the transmission game, the world out there is one terrible dark void, a chasm of mindless faceless know-less listeners. And there is no real, nor logical way to count them. The normal, average, thoughtful or anonymous ones of them will not write; they certainly won't call ('it's only the lonely or abnormal who call;') they will not answer the call

of the broadcast station. There is no way, no possible way to enumerate the vast countless hoarde who may (or may not) be partaking in your transmission.

That's where Friendly Jack Faucet and his Friendly ARB come in. For they, in their Friendly Way, encounter the impossible: the chaff-filled giant of nothingness out there has a thread here or there. They pull it, and with their wizards, count the apparently abstract figures and out of the night draw a couple of numbers here or there, and that is the size of your audience. And on those magic figures---whole empires rise and fall, entire networks grow rich, and fat, and soporific; invidiual stations turn blue and die, or become incredibly rich; the net worth of a frequency doubles---from a million to two million dollars, or halves or quarters---from a million to less than half. There are alot of stakes represented by the group that Jack Faucet represents.

"How much do you charge to make us rich," I ask Jack Faucet. He is used to this sort of heavy-handed verbal abuse, and he merely smiles. "Our service costs \$550 per year for this size station in this size market. Until the survey is complete." He smiles again: white teeth peep through the dark clouds I am trying to press on him: "Then it goes up to \$680."

"Just like Las Vegas," I say. "Unh...how do you guys actually make this survey. Whats your sample size." "For Santa Clara County...let's see (he says) there are 700,000 adults---people over 12 years old: for that, we use 500 diaries." "I'm sorry," I say: "I didn't hear you." "500 diaries, for a month, for this county." "And that means," I say, "each diary represents how many people?" He calculates for a moment, and I think: "My God: don't tell me that I'm the only broadcaster to ask this question."



"Fourteen hundred people," smiling Jack Faucet tells me: "Each one of the people keeping a listening (or viewing) diary for ARB represents 1400 people."

"Jack," I say, smiling a bit myself...a bit nervously, that is: "The ARB has the power of life and death over this station." "No," he says, "The listeners do." "No," I say: "The listeners you pick do. But listen: ARB...and its survey methods...mean survival of this station in its present form. Or its collapse. If you happen to put the ARB diary in the hands of one of those people who listen to this station from 7 in the morning until sign off, then all of a sudden, we'll appear on the charts, and all of a sudden, all sorts of regional and national advertising money will be funnelled into KTAO, and I'll become rich and be able to retire. But then, again, if (as is most likely) we don't even show up at all, then this operation will continue to muddle along on the few dollars we can get ---and you, and those mindless advertisers, and the world---will ignore the 699,500 people in this area who don't have an ARB diary. Doesn't that sound a little ghastly to you?"

Old Jack. I told you he was a good sort. He told me some things about ARB not being 'in the public service business." He repeated his prices a couple of more times. He knew he had me. He knew that if KTAO wanted some big time advertisements, maybe even some publicity---that we would have to play his game. He knew that if we ignored him, and his service---that they would make out ok. He knew that there was little (if any) choice. He knew, absolutely knew, that I would say (as I did say):

"OK Jack. I'll make a deal with you." (I sighed, he smiled.) "If we turn up on your charts for Santa Clara County in June, if we turn up in such a way that it will make you-know-what difference with our potential sponsors---then all you have to do is show me a copy of the charts, and I'll write you out a check for \$680. Despite the fact that you and I know its a gross and terrible business, based on a ridiculous sampling, with all the possible inequities built in (like if I ever got the chance to keep the ARB diary, I would weight the hell out of it for my favorite station).

"We know all those inequities," I sighed...he smiled again. "We know all the failings, the phoniness of the system which rewards mediocrity, penalizes the original. We know all that, but: like I say---you show me that chart which will make the station survive, and get all those national spots, and I'll write you a check for \$680 on the button. No complaints, no cauterwauling."

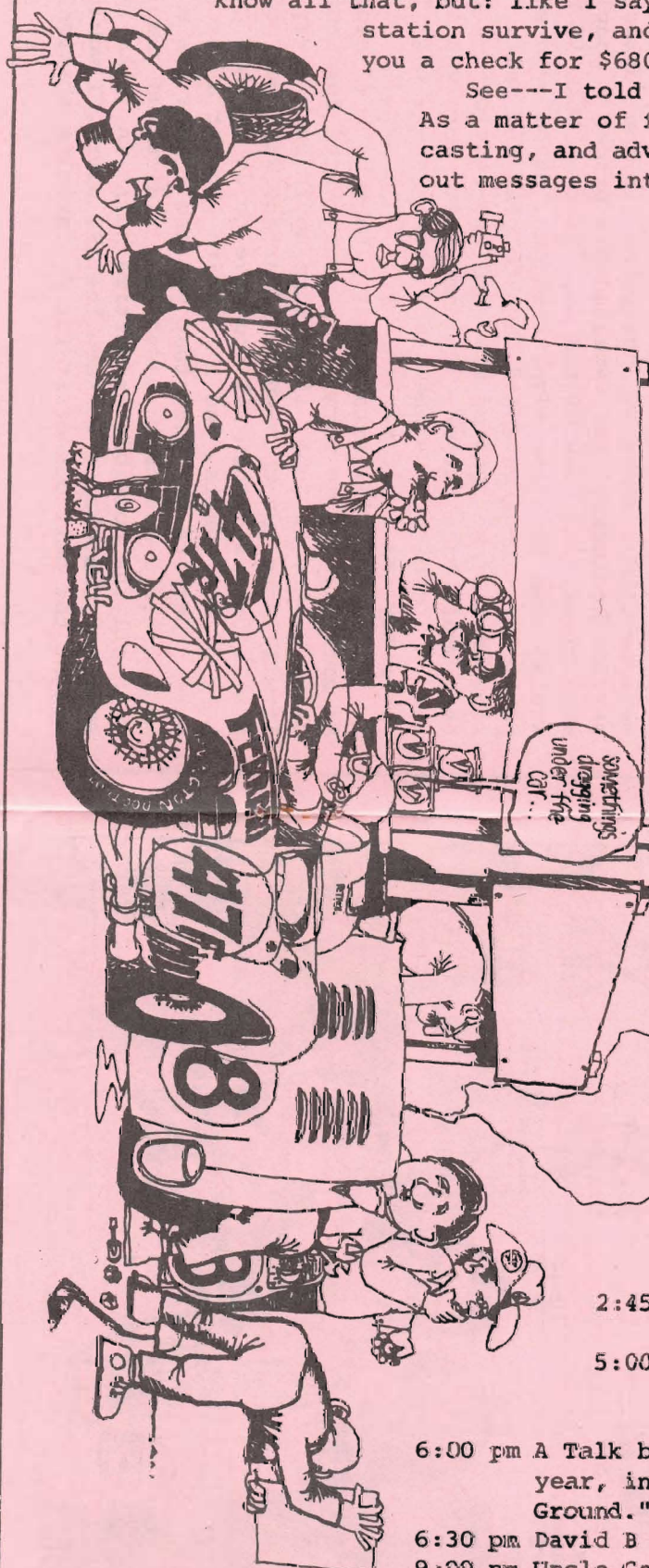
See---I told you Jack knew what he was doing, and what he had. As a matter of fact---so did the rest of us. All of us in broadcasting, and advertising; those of us in the business of sending out messages into the void, out there, somewhere.

TUESDAY, MAY FIFTY-FIFTH

- 7 AM THE MORNING PROGRAM, with Uncle Duke H. Readings from The New Statesman, and music from Borneo, and readings from at
- 10 am The Parable of the Beast, by Bleibtremu.
- 11 am An Interview on the Funeral Business. Mr. J Faber, a local mortician, speaks with L. Milam on the pleasures & pains of his business.
- 11:45 LETTER FROM ENGLOND. Michael Scarborough and the tape he sends us each two weeks on current problems in that problem land.
- noon EUGENE'S SHOW. The only program (same one) where an occasional rock record can be played---and the boss doesn't have an attack of mental hernia (until 3).
- 5 pm FESTIVAL OF MUSIC OF INDIA. Part VI of music drawn from Odeon Recordings: Panalal Ghosh with the Raga Yaman, and the R aga Shri.
- 6 pm FRENCH MUSIC COMPETITIONS #6. Music from France as brought to us (in person) by Mike Erickson of the North American Broadcasting Corporation.
- 7 pm John Haydon's Ethnic Music Program, then
- 9 pm Steve Fleming, and his little dog Fala.

WEDNESDAY, MAY SIXTH

- 7 am The Morning program, with Uncle Du.
- 11 am AMERICA AS JERUSALEM LOST. A talk by the contemporary lay fellow (Episcopal) and attorney, Wm Stringfellow, speaking at Central Wash. State College on the 8th Annual Symposium on American Values. (From KBOG, Portland) recorded in 1969.
- 2:45 pm NORDINE NOW. The exposition of color, with Ken Nordine: Turquoise (KDVA).
- 5:00 pm FESTIVAL OF INDIAN MUSIC (imports from Peters International)---VII: Khan Sahib Imrat Khan with Ragas Bageshree, Rageshree, & Gawoti.
- 6:00 pm A Talk by Cao Ngoc Phuong, delivered in March of this year, in St Louis, & Titled: "Vietnam & Our Feet On The Ground." Recorded and sent to us by KDVA of that city.
- 6:30 pm David B Clark, exorcising himself (and the listeners) then
- 9:00 pm, Uncle Geoff, searching the kowsmos, with Kosmick-ray-beam eyes, and declaring himself on several embarrassing subjects, including: gurls, a new look at Relativity, gurls, the nature of the beast in man, gurls, the last existential exit of man, girls, gurls, and georls. Ol geof.

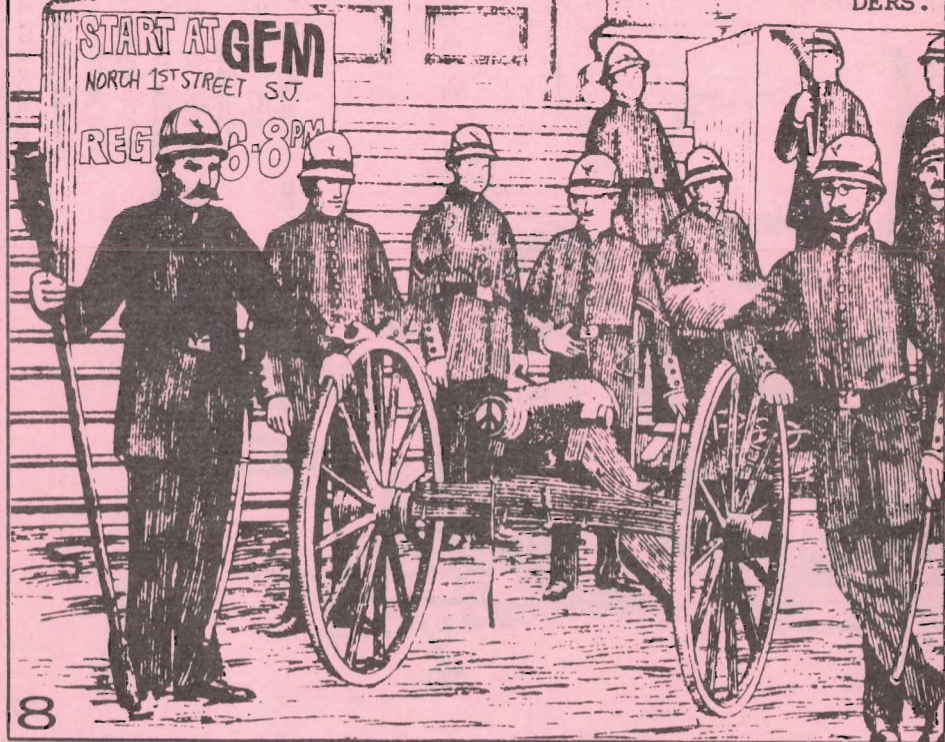


something's
dragging
under the
car...

THURSDAY, MAY SEVENTH

- 7 am MUSIC FROM ENTROPIA, EUTHANASIA, AND ERGOMANIA
With Uncle Duke...and at 10, readings from
"The Parable of the Beast" by J. Bleibtreu.
- 11 am ABE FORTAS AT SEATTLE UNIVERSITY. We thought
he was never going to speak again---to anyone;
but we were wrong. This is a talk he gave
this year in the great Grey Northwest, and
it was sent to us by KRAB---through KBOO.
Topic: "Individual Rights in Society."
- noon CESE'S PROGRAM...beginning with an interview
with Miz Magnolia Honey-Pot of Dodo, Miss,
winner of this year's Cotton Picker Award for
Service to the South...speaking on 'Civil and
You-All.' Followed, at 12:30, by music.

2:00 "THIS IS THE TAPE CONTAINING THE
INTERVIEWS WE DID WITH THE STOCK-
ADE PRISONERS AT THE PRESIDIO...
PLEASE APOLOGIZE ON BEHALF OF THE
NABC FOR THE AUDIO QUALITY & EX-
PLAIN TO YOUR LISTENERS THAT WE
HAD TO SMUGGLE [IN] THE RECOR-
DERS."



SATURDAY, MARCH NINTH

- 7 am ALL AND EVERYTHING. The second in the series of readings from the work of Gurdjieff. This is #2 in a series of 89 readings, with A. Andrews.
- 7:30 THE BAROQUE SATURDAY MORNING BUST...with Bill Wade. No ethnic, no folk, no blewgrass---merely Vivaldi & Handel & Bach & Dittersdorff et al (until noon)
- noon John Haydon's Jazz Fest (with readings) (until 3 pm)
- 3 pm The Usual Tiny Freeman Sock Em Pop Em Bluegrass
- 6 pm The Gospel Show, with Lillie Knaules then Howard's
- 7 pm Show then, at 8, Uncle Stu with folk & jazz (and occasional live programs of stuff.)

SUNDAY, MARCH TENTH

- 7 am When he can get the goddam transmitter to spark (it has to be lit with spunk, being one of the old gunpowder-driven models) Gordon Alan or Alan Gordon or what's--'is-name does ancient Black music. Then, at 11 a David Clark will play jazz and classical and stuff;
- 2:30 AN INTERVIEW WITH BOOKER WHITE, as recorded in 1968, by the resident old timey music freaks of KRAB---including Mike Duffy, Bob West, & John Ullman. Includes some guitar & singing with Booker White.
- 4:00 THE THREE HOUR ETHNIC SOCK-EM FESTIVAL WITH UNCLE VERNON. Today (I am typing this two weeks ago) he played some Gagaku imports from Japan, then some music for Tar, then some Bulgarian music, and then (barf) ended up with some electronics by Sala.
- 7:00 PETE BLIND. One of our volunteers says the Sunday night jazz & modern blurp with Uncle Pete is the only show he can stand because 'It's absolutely Stenhenge.' At least, that's what we heard. Finally, from Midnight until six, Uncle R.Harris plays (gasp) rock & blues. All night long. Here's his picture so you can identify with him. ➡

MONDAY, MARCH 11th

- 7 am DUKE'S SHOW. Music from China, and Tennessee, and Baroque France, and the Black Hole of Calcutta. With appropriate readings, including The Beast at 10 ayem.
- 11:am KBOO's TRIBUTE TO THE BBC...a program sent down from Portland, from Dave Calhoun, et al.
- 11:30 AUNT CESE INTERVIEWS CAPTAIN POTTER, and old seafaring gentleman, now living in the wastes of Monte Sereno, then, at 12, sings



OUR TELEPHONE NUMBERS ARE NOW FIXED
(BY FIAT) AT Flanders 4-6711, and
Flanders 4-4711. Call us if you
want more copies of the

Drag. Ask for
Ellie.

6 pm The Weekly Evolution of Jazz---presented with
Mr. Jazz Freak (and Son of Jazz Freak).

8 pm Old Timey Bluegrass---and a few rasses, with Tiny.

FRIDAY, MARCH EIGHTH

7 am Uncle Duke and readings & at ten, The Beast Arises.

11 am SURFACE MANIFESTATIONS OF THE EDIBLE (or 'Oedipal')
DOGFISH...a talk by Dr. A.L.Kobler on Violence, and
the Nece-sity for it. Recorded by KRAB, Seattle.

11:30 SURDISH MANY-FACE & STATIONS OF THE EIFFEL TOADFISH.
A Talk by Dr Jon Gallant, delivered in May of 1967, on
and, at noon, EUGENE'S SHOW, with readings from Para-
dise, or his own parti-
cular veriosn of
paradise...

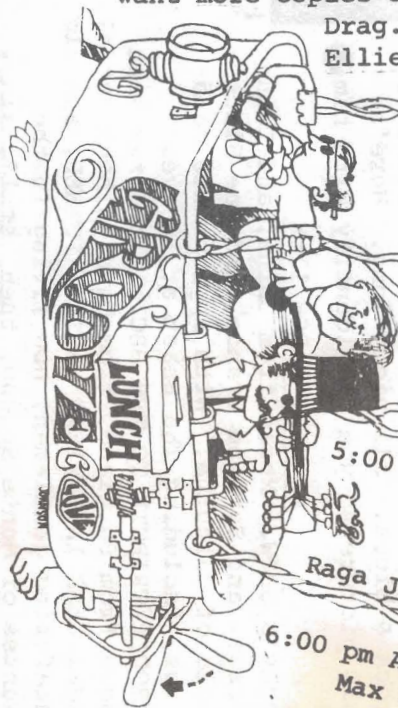
2:30 PM FROM THE PRAGUE INTERNATIONAL
SPRING FESTIVAL (NABC)
(until 4:30)

5:00 pm raga to me
FESTIVAL OF INDIAN MUSIC...
Part IX (from Peter's International
Music on the Shehnai with Bismillah Khan ...
Raga Jaunpuri

Raga Maru Behag
Pahadi Dhun
[from DumDum]
dhun

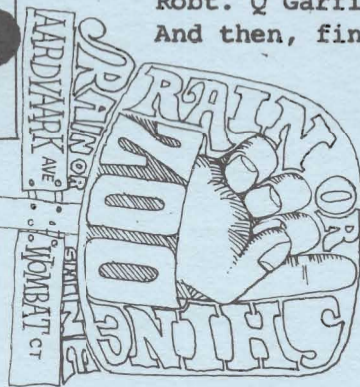
6:00 pm A Journey into the garden of paradise with
Max H & The 25th Century Ensemble.

6:30 FROM YAZOO RECORDS WITH
J Ratliff & J Roberts, and then, at
9, Uncle Geoff squeezes us
all in his corner.....



songs of the sea, and other shanties from the seas of Milpitas, then at 2:00 Doug Wisler plays baroque and medieval music (with occasional bursts of Indian and African music) until 5:00 FESTIVAL OF INDIAN MUSIC, NUMBER X. M.S.Subbulakshmi sings ten Bhajans of Meera in Hindi (Indian Odeon) 6:00 MUSIC FROM THE HUNAN PROVINCE OF CHINA, from the collection of Dr. Robt. Q Garfias, of UW, Seattle.

And then, finally, as the soul sinks slowly (and sunkenly) in the West, comes, at 9 bells, the sweet voice of dulcet-minded Geoff McPeeper, once the rage of Los Gatos Country High, now merely the second highest paid deejay at this, the biggest little cosmick hole in this part of the universe, known as the hole of 95.3 mc in lower Santa Clara Valley, Calif, USA



BOB
David Moody

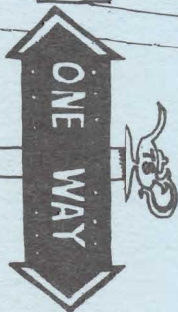
PRINTING

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OFFSET

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 posters
 posters

356-3014



POSTERS
 POSTERS

U.S. POSTAGE
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CALIFORNIA
PERMIT No. 80

5 UNIVERSITY

AVENUE - LOS GATOS - CALIFORNIA - PROGRAMMING WITH A DECIDED LIMP.

MAILED!